

WEATHER PREDICTION.  
For Newark and vicinity: Fair to  
night and colder.

# THE NEWARK ADVOCATE.

Phone for sale, rent, lost, found  
and "Want Ads." to the Advocate.  
Call No. 69.

VOLUME 60—NUMBER 91.

NEWARK, OHIO, WEDNESDAY EVENING, JANUARY 1, 1908.

TEN CENTS A WEEK.

## A HAPPY NEW YEAR 1908

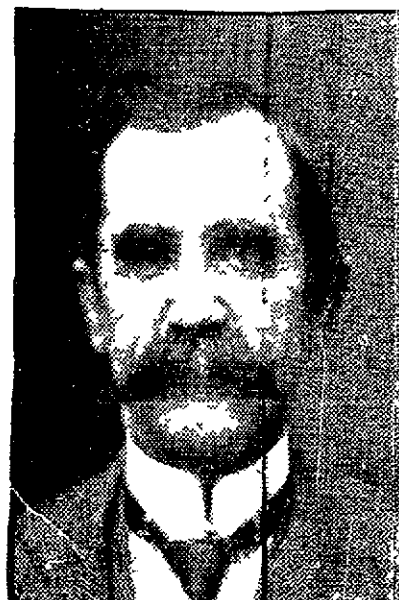
### H. ATHERTON NOW MAYOR OF NEWARK

CHANGES ARE MADE AMONG THE  
OFFICIALS IN THE CITY ON  
JANUARY 1ST.

### DR. M'CLEERY RETIRES

And New Mayor Holds Police Court  
Wednesday Morning—Changes  
in City Hall.

Wednesday morning, January 1st,  
the various officials elected at the last  
November election succeeded those  
men who have been in charge of the



HERBERT ATHERTON,  
Mayor.

for the past two years. Nearly  
the entire personnel of the city ad-  
ministration has changed. The peo-  
ple, who by their rights of franchise  
brought about this change, will have  
no cause to regret it.

Herbert Atherton, known to nearly  
every resident of the city, succeeded  
Dr. Samuel H. McCleery as mayor of  
Newark. The ceremonies incident to  
the change were marked with no dis-  
play whatever. The two gentlemen  
met in the Mayor's office, exchanged  
greetings, and after receiving the con-  
gratulations of his predecessor, May-  
or Atherton who had previously been  
sworn, assumed the reign of office  
and held police court Wednesday  
morning. Numbers of his friends  
called during the morning hours to  
wish him God speed and a successful  
administration. Several bouquets of  
pretty flowers also found their way to  
his honor's desk.

Frank A. Bolton succeeded himself  
in the city's law department as so-  
litor. His previous experience in



HARRY ROOSEVELT,  
Vice Mayor.

office eminently qualified him for this  
most responsible position. Equipped  
with a complete knowledge of the  
code governing the various depart-  
ments of the city he will be ever  
watchful to its interests and able to  
cope with all problems which may  
arise.

The new service board will con-  
sist of two Democrats—A. R. Pitzer  
and S. B. Livingston, and one Republi-  
can—Mr. M. T. Taylor. Mr. Pitzer's  
previous experience on the board will  
be of great help to him. Mr. Taylor  
is a man in the right place on the  
board. His long experience in public  
affairs, and especially in the sur-  
veyor's office eminently fits him for  
the most important position. Mr. Tay-  
lor succeeds himself and begins his  
second term. He is a pleasant, soci-  
able gentleman and his experience of  
the past two years will be a valuable  
(Continued on page 3, 3d col.)

### DR. DAVID H. GREGORY DIES WHILE SITTING IN HIS BUGGY ON NORTH THIRD STREET TUESDAY

While people were continually  
passing and business was at its  
height along the street, death came  
instantly to Dr. David H. Gregory,  
the oldest practicing physician in  
Newark, while he was sitting in his  
buggy in front of the Charles L. Con-  
rad grocery on North Third street at  
4:15 o'clock Tuesday afternoon. He  
may have been dead several minutes  
before he was discovered by a clerk  
in the grocery who walked out to his  
buggy to inquire what was wanted.

Receiving no answer to his ques-  
tion, the clerk became alarmed and  
shook him. Dr. I. N. Palmer, who  
was passing at the time, saw some-  
thing was wrong and walked over to  
inquire what the trouble was. He  
saw instantly that death had come to  
his colleague and an examination  
showed that life was not long extinct  
as the body was still warm.

His death was due to heart failure,  
something he had never been troubled  
with in his life. When he left his  
home at 187 Eleventh street Tuesday  
afternoon at 2 o'clock, he remarked  
to his wife that he had business down  
street to attend to, and that he had a  
call to make before returning home.  
Several days ago he complained of  
not feeling well, but he thought he  
had contracted a slight cold. He doc-  
tored himself and soon was in his  
usual health.

Dr. Gregory was born in Newark  
March 5, 1836, and was a son of Mr.  
and Mrs. Horace Gregory, pioneers of  
the city. He was educated in the vil-  
lage schools and attended medical  
college in the Homeopathic School in  
Cleveland. After his graduation he  
practiced in Jonesville and Coldwater,

Michigan. He returned to Newark  
shortly before the Rebellion and en-  
listed in the 135th O. V. I. as a sur-  
geon. He also served as a surgeon  
in the hospital service at Nashville,  
Tenn.

After the war he returned to this  
city and commenced practicing his  
profession. On November 4, 1868 he  
was married to Miss Linda Holiday,  
daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Hol-  
iday, residents of Newark. No chil-  
dren were born to them. He has no  
living brothers or sisters. Although  
he was not affiliated with the church,  
he was an attendant of the Second  
Presbyterian church until an injury  
several years ago made it almost im-  
possible for him to walk.

The deceased was one of the best  
known citizens of the city and was  
held in the highest esteem by all who  
knew him. The funeral will probably  
be held Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock  
from the residence, the burial will be  
made in Cedar Hill cemetery.

#### STATEHOUSE EMPTY.

Columbus, Jan. 1.—Governor Harris  
and wife went to Easton to spend the  
day and business generally is sus-  
pended at the state house in honor  
of New Year's day festivities.

### NINE MEN KILLED

Albuquerque, N. M., Jan. 1.—At  
least nine miners were killed, and  
three fatally and two seriously in-  
jured in an explosion of gas and coal  
dust yesterday in the Bernal mine at  
Corralage, New Mexico. Nine dead  
bodies have been taken out, and al-

though the mine is still filled with  
gas, it is believed that no more vic-  
tims remain in the workings. C. L.  
Wilcox, an American, is among the  
dead.

#### SUNDAY SCHOOL MONEY STOLEN

Canal Dover, Jan. 1.—Burglars en-  
tered the residence of David Collins,  
near this city, and stole a small bank  
containing \$55, belonging to a Sun-  
day school of which Mr. Collins was  
treasurer. This is the third time the  
money belonging to the Sunday  
school has been taken.

### POWERS TRIAL GOES TO JURY LATE TODAY

Georgetown, Ky., Jan. 1.—Argu-  
ments in the long-drawn-out fourth  
trial of Caleb Powers will be con-  
cluded this afternoon and the case will  
go to the jury at about 5 o'clock.

Two speeches are yet to be made.  
Attorney Owens for the defense be-  
gan at 8:40 o'clock this morning and  
continued until noon. Common-  
wealth's Attorney Robert B. Franklin  
will close the case for the state this  
afternoon.

The prosecution mercilessly flayed  
the prisoner. The defense put the  
burden upon Yontsey. One speaker for  
the prosecution shouted: "Mercy?—  
Let him seek it where he sent Gov-  
ernor Goebel." Under the terrific or-  
deal Powers remained perfectly calm.

#### NEW YEAR ARRIVES.

New York, Jan. 1.—Bedlam reigned  
in Gotham at the stroke of the mid-  
night hour and for 30 minutes  
shrieks of whistles, ringing of bells  
and joyful shouts from 4,000,000  
throats rent the atmosphere. It was  
above and beyond the limit.

### A Happy New Year!

MAY THIS DAY mark the beginning of a new era  
of health, and prosperity, and happiness; and  
the experiences of a fading past inspire to renewed  
energy, and effort, and success. May destiny smile  
upon you, and shape anticipation into a realization of  
your fondest hopes. So courage, dear friends! And  
the compliments of the season to every reader and  
patron of the Advocate.

### SHOT TO DEATH

Beatyville, Ky., Jan. 1.—Joe Da-  
vidson, chief of police of this city,  
and Robert Evans, a merchant of this  
place, shot each other to death in  
Evans' store last evening. They were  
on speaking terms, but it seems they  
have had a grudge for many years.

#### FIND BEER AND WHISKY.

Washington, D. C., Jan. 1.—Mayor  
Robinson has fined John B. Bainter  
\$250 and costs for keeping a place in  
a dry town where intoxicating li-  
quors were sold. When the police  
broke open the door at Bainter's  
home they found six men and cap-  
tered 88 bottles of beer and 26  
quarts of whisky.

#### HEAVY BOND FOR ROBBERY.

Findlay, Jan. 1.—Joseph Laboon  
and J. C. Moran pleaded guilty to the  
charge of diamond robbery yester-  
day morning and were held in the  
sum of \$20,000 each for trial Thurs-  
day morning. They are said to be  
well known in police circles of Toledo  
and Detroit.

### GAS EXPLODES

Temple of Neptune, Erected by Had-  
rian, Used as Stock Exchange,  
Is Razed.

Rome, Jan. 1.—The Temple of Ne-  
ptune, built by Hadrian, and standing  
in the center of the Forum of Agrip-  
pa, now occupied by the Stock Ex-  
change, was the scene yesterday af-  
ternoon of a tremendous explosion,  
causing a sensation almost as great  
as the explosion of a bomb in St. Pe-  
ter's on November 18, 1906.

The concussion was so great that  
many persons were terrified and great  
crowds rushed to the scene. Within  
the building there were many people  
but, fortunately the great majority  
of the brokers had left. No one was  
killed, but 20 persons, chiefly clerks,  
were injured.

The explosion resulted in the col-  
lapse of the roof of the exchange and  
a number of those injured were  
caught in the wreckage, but later  
were released by the firemen who re-  
sponded to the call.

### UNSOLVED IS MYSTERY OF SWAMP

WHERE NUDE BODY OF WOMAN  
WAS FOUND A WEEK AGO  
TOMORROW.

### POLICE WITHOUT CLUE

And With the Final Rejection of the  
Latest "Identification" Officers  
are Baffled.

Harrison, N. J., Jan. 1.—An un-  
solved mystery—this bids fair to be-  
come the status of the tragedy of  
the tragedy of Harrison swamp,  
where a nude woman's body was dis-  
covered a week ago. With the final  
rejection of the latest "identification"  
of the victim as her sister by Mrs.  
Frank Hull, who first declared the  
body that of Mrs. Agnes Young, the  
police are utterly without a prom-  
ising clue. With a week's start there  
is scant chance that the murderer  
will ever be apprehended, even if the  
crime can be traced. At present the  
authorities are completely baffled.

In an effort to secure a tangible  
clue, laborers today began draining  
the pond where the body was found.  
Prosecutor Vickers gave the orders.  
A part of the clothing which had  
been torn from the victim's body to  
prevent identification is still missing.  
It is hoped this will be brought to  
light. The police today are still  
working on several vague clues. One  
is that the victim may be a married  
woman of Camden, who has been  
missing since Christmas. She was  
her husband that she was to  
visit a woman at Kearney, N. J.,  
she never reached there. She is  
to answer the description of the  
woman.

New York, Jan. 1.—Mystery  
er and more impenetrable than  
has fallen upon the tragedy of  
Black Swamp. Mrs. Frank  
"positive" identification of the  
tim of the Christmas eve  
Mrs. Agnes Young uttered  
before the appearance of  
in the flesh, with a written  
all that Mrs. Hull told.

#### SEVEN YEARS FOR MILLER

Lebanon, Jan. 1.—William  
Miller, former chief of the  
ment at Franklin, was sentenced  
seven years in the state prison  
for killing Joseph Little, who  
with Miller's wife, Little's  
woman were caught at  
and Little was in a cell at  
lice station where Miller  
and shot him.

### TEMPERANCE

Advocates Will Make a Big  
New York Legislature  
Winter.

Albany, N. Y., Jan. 1.—  
York state legislature as-  
noon today. The chief  
be fought out will be tem-  
perance reforms, and  
The temperance advocates  
a big fight to extend the  
provisions of the present  
cities.

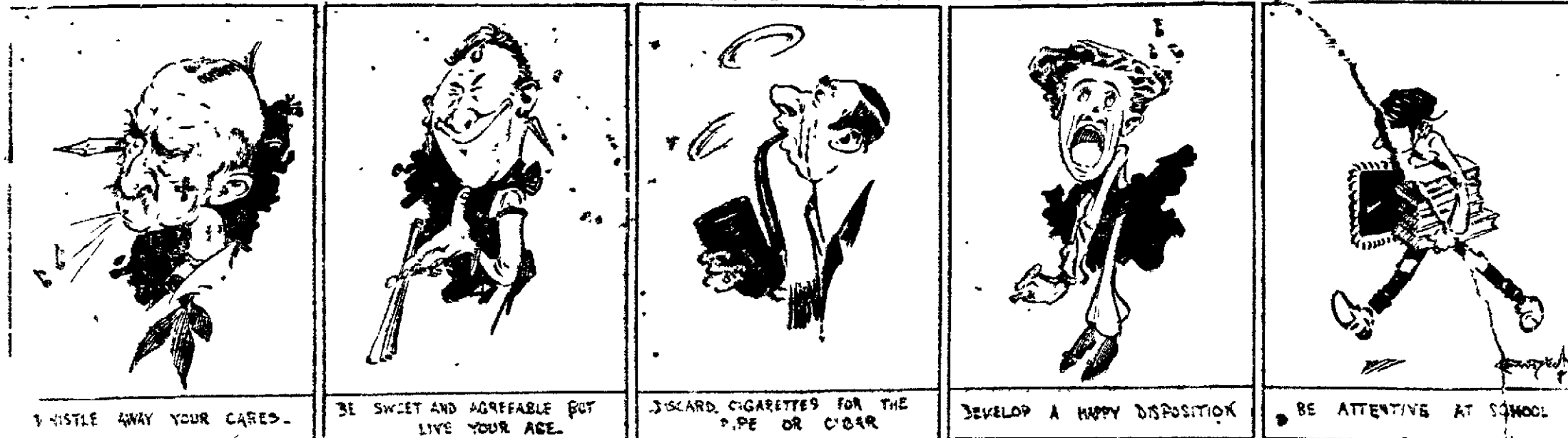
### DOWN IN

Saloons Formally  
Liquor Interest  
Federal.

Atlanta, Ga., Jan. 1.—  
fact that the saloon  
ushered out of Geor-  
of 12 last night, the  
not gone. It is said  
titions were filed with  
Newman by two broth-  
quited is the new pro-  
seeking injunctions against the  
enforcement. The law is attached  
unconstitutional on the grounds  
the constitution makes it manda-  
on the legislature to set aside a cer-  
tain portion of the taxes on liquor  
for educational purposes, and  
this amount to a recognition of the  
liquor business. The decision  
reserved, and meantime the state  
dry. No matter who wins, the  
will be appealed.

Because his wife, May, was  
not returned to Cleveland after  
fearing it was a trap. About  
winter, killed himself at 50.

### FAMILY RESOLUTIONS FOR THE NEW YEAR



WISTLE AWAY YOUR CARES.

BE SWEET AND AGREEABLE BUT  
LIVE YOUR AGE.

DISCARD CIGARETTES FOR THE  
PIPE OR CIGAR.

DEVELOP A HAPPY DISPOSITION.

BE ATTENTIVE AT SCHOOL.



## Marjorie's Auto Ride.

MARJORIE In all the eight years of her life had never ridden in an automobile, and she wanted to, oh, so much. She lived in the country, and she had seen lots of automobiles go down the long straight road that passed her house, but she had never ridden in one.

One afternoon two men rode up to Marjorie's house in a big red automobile and left it puffing in the roadway while they went in to see her father. Marjorie stood swinging on the gate for a little while, looking at it with admiring eyes. Then she went out into the road and walked all around it, thinking how nice it would be if the men would take her for a ride. Then, growing bolder, she climbed into the forward seat and sat down, with the big steering wheel in front of her.

The shining brass levers attracted her attention, and she wanted to know what would happen if she moved one of them, so she tried and tugged and pulled with all her might on the nearest one and managed to move it away back. Nothing happened, and she was rather glad that nothing had happened. Then she pulled on the other one, but it wouldn't move at first, so she braced her little feet against the dashboard and pulled again as hard as ever she could. That lever came back then, too, and, much to Marjorie's surprise, the big red automobile began to move ahead.

Marjorie was delighted at first, because now she was really having a ride in an automobile, and she thought how nice it would be to run back to her house when the thing stopped, as it was sure it would in a minute, and tell her father about her nice little automobile ride all alone. She sat as still as a mouse, holding tight to the big steering wheel, and in some way her hand touched the lever that regulates the speed, and the automobile began to go faster.

and on forever and never stop and that she would never see her father or her mother or her big sister Bessie again.

Then Marjorie heard another automobile puffing and chug-chugging, and her little heart leaped with joy because she thought that it was coming up behind her and would catch up to her and make her stop, and then she could go home and tell them all she was sorry, but just when she thought it was catching up to her, it sounded so near, it came around a little turn in the road right toward her instead of behind her. She screamed, and the man in the other automobile shouted to her to turn to the side of the road, and she heard him, but did not know how to do it, and the man had to turn all of a sudden into the ditch and stop, with two wheels in the road and two wheels on the hill. Marjorie flew by, and in a minute she was in sight of the end of the straight road. There was a farm at the end of the straight part where it turned toward the next village, and a lot of haystacks were in the field.

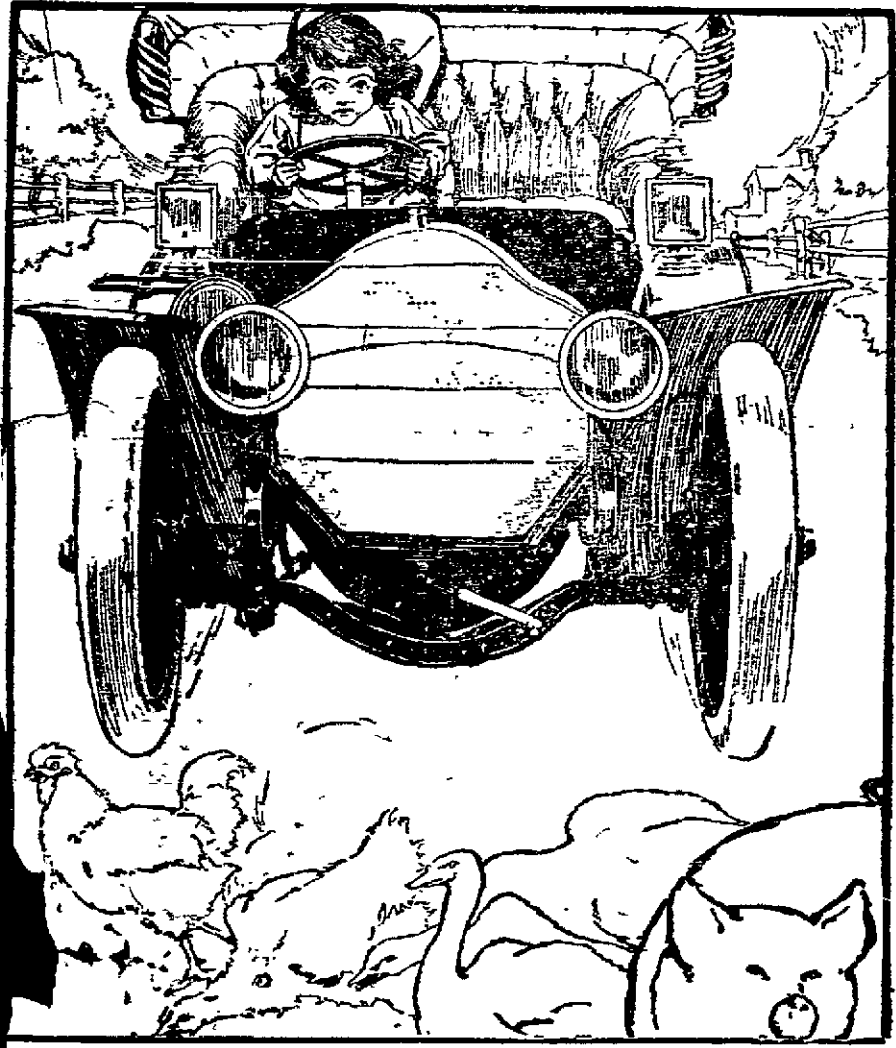
Marjorie wondered what would happen when she got to the place where the road turned, because she knew the big red automobile would go straight ahead, and she wondered if it would jump over the fence and go right on across the fields.

She didn't have long to wait to find out what would happen, but she simply never could have guessed it in the world.

The big red automobile went right up to the fence as if it was mad at something and went bang into it and stopped so suddenly that Marjorie was thrown out and up in the air like a skyrocket, and where do you suppose she landed?

You never will guess. She went up and up and up in the air and landed right on the top of the tallest haystack!

It did not hurt her a bit. The boy



THEY SCAMPED IN EVERY DIRECTION.

It went faster and faster, and Marjorie's best hat was blown off, and her hair was blown in her eyes. She was so frightened that she hung on tight to the big steering wheel. That was lucky for her, because she hung on so tight that the steering wheel never moved and the automobile went straight along in the middle of the road.

Now it was going like fury, and Marjorie was tempted to jump out when she saw a lot of chickens and four or five tiny little pigs in the road right ahead of her, but before she could even make up her mind what was going to happen they scattered and scampered in every direction just in time to escape. Frightened as she was, Marjorie felt glad they hadn't.

After thinking about the little pigs when she was in the automobile, that went the almost believed Farmer Brown and his wife were in a buggy for a ride. Marjorie's wife screamed, and the old gray mare came to a stop. Marjorie and her father and his fat wife were all looking at the big red automobile. But Marjorie was right on like John Gilpin and his runaway horse.

Then more things began to happen to poor frightened little Marjorie and her first automobile ride one after another.

St. Bart's constable, chased her on his rickety old bicycle and threatened to arrest her for going so fast, but the big red automobile whizzed by, and the constable was soon left behind in a cloud of dust.

Poor Marjorie was now both laughing and crying. She laughed because she was so excited and enjoyed her ride when she was not awfully frightened, and she cried when she thought the automobile might go on and on

## NO RENT FOR 1,998 MONTHS.

Campaign of Neapolitan Tenants Who Are Leagues Against Landlords.

The Naples householders have formed a league with the object of obtaining a reduction of rents, and they discovered that the best method to force the landlords to accede to their demands was to stop the payment of rents. The league numbers about 2,000 members, none of whom has paid rent for the last six months, says a Naples (Italy) correspondent of the New York Sun.

The landlords first attempted eviction, but they failed, as the police declared that they were unable to evict 2,000 families who meant fight and expressed their willingness to stand a siege. Next the landlords brought suit in the civil courts.

The case came on in due course of time, but none of the householders was present or represented. The landlords rejoiced at the prospect of an easy victory. Suddenly a woman walked in.

She said she was one of the 2,000 members of the league and wanted to defend her case. The judges have to accord a reasonable period of time to the defendant in order that he may prepare his defense. This period is generally a month. Accordingly on the woman's demand the case was adjourned a month.

The month passed and the case again came on for hearing. None of the defendants was present. The court then decided to hear the case in their absence, but just then another member of the league came in, repeated the identical performance of the previous hearing, and again the case was put off for another month.

For the next 1,998 months a member of the householders' league will repeat the trick, and the case won't be heard before that time. Meanwhile the members continue not paying their rents.

## STORK'S CHRISTMAS JOKE.

Left Wax Doll at Jersey Home Where Real Thing Was Wanted.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Andrews, who live in Montgomery street, at Bloomfield, N. J., heard a knocking at the front door Christmas morning at the same time, says a special to the New York Times.

"Get up, Sam," urged Mrs. Andrews after the knocking had gone on for some time. "Get up. It may be a Christmas present."

Mr. Andrews looked out of the second story window, asking the dark figure below what he wanted.

"Here's a package for you," was the answer. Laying down a big bundle, the figure hurried away. Mr. Andrews went swiftly downstairs, with his wife making hasty preparation to bring up the rear. He struck a match, pulled back the cover and yelled up to his wife:

"It is a Christmas present. It's a baby."

The Andrews home is childless, and there was great joy in the voice of the head of the house. All morning the neighbors crowded in to see the baby that had been left on the doorstep, just as babies are in New York city, on the stage and in books. Alarmed by the exceeding quietness of the Christmas present, some motherly old soul, in a great worry, grabbed up the little figure and began to investigate it from top to bottom.

Well, it was a big doll; that's all. Bloomfield is a great place for the humorous.

## MUSEUM IN TOLSTOI'S HONOR

Wife of Russian Philosopher Supervising Its Organization.

Countess Tolstoy is in Moscow supervising the organization of a museum in honor of her illustrious husband, says a St. Petersburg cable dispatch to the Chicago Tribune. The museum will contain a great mass of letters received by the count, many of them being from America, one from John D. Rockefeller, asking the Russian philosopher's opinion as to the best way to employ his money.

It will also contain Russian documents connected with the old count's activity on behalf of the famished stricken in 1891, besides an album of portraits and photographs of the author of "War and Peace," most of them made abroad. The famous painter Repin has just finished a great portrait of the count, which, after figuring in a perambulatory exhibition that will visit the principal towns of Europe, may finally be placed in this museum.

No Need of Cotton Famine. The cotton spinners of the world are needily alarmed lest the ability of the south to increase her cotton production will not keep pace with the increasing number of spindles and looms.

As the Southern Farm Magazine, Governor Hoke Smith of Georgia in a recent article or interview says that his state alone if necessary could produce as much cotton as is now being produced by the entire south. The same is true of Mississippi and more than doubly true of Texas. The labor supply is absolutely the only difficulty that prevents the expansion of cotton production in the south to almost any limit that might be desired.

New Industry For Boys. Boys who have been apprenticed to no trade and who want to make a career for themselves invent their occupations. The knocker cleaner has been knocking at the door. But two boys of Charleston, England, appear to be starting a new industry, says the London Chronicle. They called up the house-

holders and said: "Do you miss your want any kittens or cats growled today? Penny each or four for thirpence."

Queen Elizabeth was a very grand lady and fond of fine clothes and costly jewels, but one thing she did not possess in the early part of her reign, and that was forks. If you had been invited to dine with her you would have done just as her courtiers did—eaten your meat with your fingers.

Yet, although these lords and ladies had no forks, they were as dainty and careful in their manner of eating as the great people of our own day. They had knives, and they had fingers, and with these they managed very well. We learn how they did it from their old books on good manners.

In the first place, every person washed his hands on sitting down at table. Before the meat was brought in it was prepared so it could be easily laid hold of with the fingers. If stewed, as was nearly always the case, it was in little bits; if roasted it was cut in slices by a carver and placed on the table in large plates.

When helping himself each person had to choose and keep a certain part of the dish for his own. He helped himself daintily from his place, using only three fingers. Afterward in carrying the food to the mouth, which, of course, was done with the hand, the same three fingers were used. Of course all this spoiled the hands, and at various times during the meal bowls of perfumed water and napkins were handed around, and no one must refuse to wash. This old custom of handing around a silver bowl or dish of rosewater is still sometimes seen.

After awhile forks slowly began to come into use. Great ladies kept them in their rooms to eat comfits with and to toast bread, and in course of time they brought them to the table.

At first there was a feeling against the use of forks, chiefly because they came from abroad, and the first few persons who dared to use them were laughed at. The habit spread slowly in England.

## Fingers Before Forks.

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For a long time, however, it was only among the rich that forks were used. Until about a hundred years ago travelers used to carry knives and forks when they went on a long journey, for they could never be sure of finding them at the inns on the road.—Philadelphia Ledger.

## Clever Conundrums.

How does a big railway time table resemble human life? It has many "ups" and "downs."

What is that which is often brought to the stable, always cut, but never eaten? A pack of cards.

Which is the more valuable, a ten dollar note or ten silver dollars? A ten dollar note, because when you put it in your pocket you double it, and when you take it out you see it in creases.

Why is the conundrum like a dog's tail? Because he is bent on being wag-gish.

How many insects does it take to make a landlord? Ten-ants.

Why is a nearly burned out candle a county in Ireland? Because it is Wick-low.

Button, Button! Who Has the Button?

This game is lots of fun. Seat yourselves in a circle, with hands closed. One takes a button and goes around with it, tapping the closed fists of the players as if inserting the button and saying:

"Biddy, Biddy, hold fast this thing. Till I go to town to buy me a ring."

Each child in turn is then required to guess who has the button and if successful takes the leader's place. If unsuccessful he pays a forfeit.

In England they play it with a ring and say:

"My lady lost her golden ring, I pitch on you to find it."

Another form of the question is: "Fox, fox, who's got the box?"

## Homemade Sweets.



A Sticky Candy Pull.

—Youth's Companion.

## The Game of Warning.

The game of warning furnishes lively sport for an outdoor party.

One of the players, having been chosen by lot as warner, takes his stand at a place marked off as home, the rest remaining at a little distance from it. The warner then calls "Warning!" three times and moves forward with his hands clasped in front of him. In this position he must try to touch one of the other players with his clasped hands, and they must try to make him unclasp them by pulling at his arms, drawing temptingly near, etc. If they succeed in making him unclasp them or if he does so inadvertently he must run "home" as fast as possible. If he is caught before reaching it he loses his place as warner. If, on the contrary, he succeeds in touching any player with clasped hands the one so touched becomes his ally, and they both run home as fast as possible.

Having reached home, they are safe and then they call the three warnings and move forward together, hand in hand, and try to capture another player without losing their hold. Every captured player is added to their ranks, but must be taken home before he can take a share in the contest. The line of warners thus increasing, the difficulty of evading capture grows greater, but it is also a source of weakness, because a long line becomes unwieldy, and a player at large may succeed in breaking through at any weak point.

The field of play must be within rather narrow limits, for the only chance of the warners to capture the players is to corner them. The last player to escape capture becomes warner for the next game.

## Deceitfulness.

Two little girls, Mary Grey and Kittie Kendall, were seated in the school-room together. Mary was reading a story book under cover of the desk when Kittie suddenly said, "Here comes the teacher!" The story book was at once pushed out of sight, and both girls were busily engaged in the study of their history lesson when the teacher got to their desk and with a smile said, "I am pleased to see two such studious girls."

After she had left the room Kittie remarked, "Wasn't it a good thing I saw her in time?"

"No; I think I would rather she had seen me and told me how wrong it was. I don't think I should feel so mean," replied Mary.

## A Kitten That Grew.



I had a little kitten.

His name was Pussy Grey.

I lent him to a lady

While I was far away.

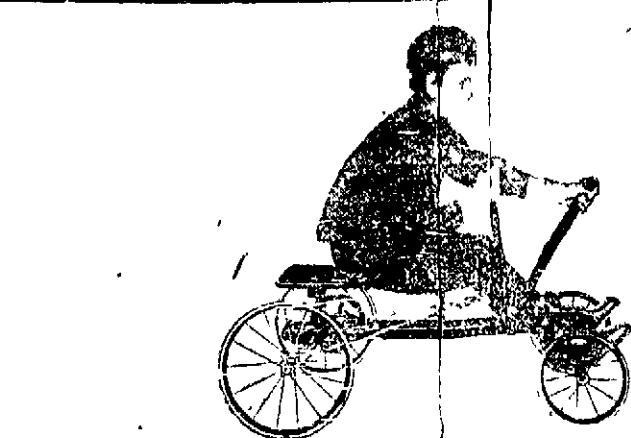
She petted him, she fed him

On things to make him fat.

And now I have him back again—

My kitten is a cat!

—St. Nicholas.



## Exer-Ketch Iron Autos

For Boys and Girls, adjustable in size to fit any boy or girl as they grow, from 3 years to 15 years. THE STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE.

## SKATES, SLEDS AND COASTERS

See our STAR COASTER WAGON, with ball bearings and iron runners for snow and ice.

## FINE LINE OF CUTLERY

## THE NEWARK HARDWARE CO

23 WEST MAIN ST.

CITIZENS PHONE 500

## Hotel Marlborough

Broadway, 36th and 37th Sts., Herald Square, New York



Most Centrally Located Hotel on Broadway. Only ten minutes walk to 25 leading theatres. Completely renovated and transformed in every department. Up-to-date in all respects. Telephone in each room. Four Beautiful Dining Rooms with Capacity of 1200.

## The Famous German Restaurant

Broadway a chief attraction for Special Food Dishes and Popular Music.

European Plan 400 Rooms. 299 Bath. Rates for Rooms \$1.50 and up. \$2.00 and up. \$3.00 and up. \$4.00 and up. \$5.00 and up. \$6.00 and up. \$7.00 and up. \$8.00 and up. \$9.00 and up. \$10.00 and up. \$11.00 and up. \$12.00 and up. \$13.00 and up. \$14.00 and up. \$15.00 and up. \$16.00 and up. \$17.00 and up. \$18.00 and up. \$19.00 and up. \$20.00 and up. \$21.00 and up. \$22.00 and up. \$23.00 and up. \$24.00 and up. \$25.00 and up. \$26.00 and up. \$27.00 and up. \$28.00 and up. \$29.00 and up. \$30.00 and up. \$31.00 and up. \$32.00 and up. \$33.00 and up. \$34.00 and up. \$35.00 and up. \$36.00 and up. \$37.00 and up. \$38.00 and up. \$39.00 and up. \$40.00 and up. \$41.00 and up. \$42.00 and up. \$43.00 and up. \$44.00 and up. \$45.00 and up. \$46.00 and up. \$47.00 and up. \$48.00 and up. \$49.00 and up. \$50.00 and up. \$51.00 and up. \$52.00 and up. \$53.00 and up. \$54.00 and up. \$55.00 and up. \$56.00 and up. \$57.00 and up. \$58.00 and up. \$59.00 and up. \$60.00 and up. \$61.00 and up. \$62.00 and up. \$63.00 and up. \$64.00 and up. \$65.00 and up. \$66.00 and up. \$67.00 and up. \$68.00 and up. \$69.00 and up. \$70.00 and up. \$71.00 and up. \$72.00 and up. \$73.00 and up. \$74.00 and up. \$75.00 and up. \$76.00 and up. \$77.00 and up. \$78.00 and up. \$79.00 and up. \$80.00 and up. \$81.00 and up. \$82.00 and up. \$83.00 and up. \$84.00 and up. \$85.00 and up. \$86.00 and up. \$87.00 and up. \$88.00 and up. \$89.00 and up. \$90.00 and up. \$91.00 and up. \$92.00 and up. \$93.00 and up. \$94.00 and up. \$95.00 and up. \$96.00 and up. \$97.00 and up. \$98.00 and up. \$99.00 and up. \$100.00 and up.

SWEENEY-TIERNEY HOTEL COMPANY  
E. M. TIERNEY, Manager

## NEW WAY.

Mr. J. R. Barber, who has been ill for several months, was out for the first time the day before Christmas.

The exercises and Christmas treat at Liberty M. E. church were very enjoyable.

Mrs. William Keeckley and son Forest, of Newark, have been holiday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Newton Powers.

Miss Emma Jackson is spending the holidays with friends in Mt. Vernon.

Dorothy and Mrs. Beam and grandson, Homer of Newark, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. B. S. Snare.

Miss Gorsuch, teacher at New Way, is spending the holidays with her parents at Johnstown.

Mr. D. W. Seovell mail carrier on route No. 2, is quite ill at his home in Johnstown. Mr. H. G. Gorsuch is taking his place.

Meat is high, fruit is scarce, so buy Mrs. Austin's famous pancake flour. A good, hearty breakfast for little money.

## NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS.

Swearing off on New Year's day is a good deal like starting in a race in which there are too many starters for the capacity of the track. Some get left at the post, some get crowded against the rail, some get pushed early in the race, into the ditch, others get in a pocket, and no matter how speedy they are, they never show up at the finish. For effective swearing off, start in a race when there are not so many entries.

When he came home the other night, he was much the worse for drink; he scratched his head for a good excuse, but he couldn't wait a think. He saw his wife at the head of the stairs, and said as he closed the door, "If you'll let up, I'll swear off tomorrow, and never get full any more." "All right," she said, as she helped him in, and gave him her cheery laugh. She'd completely forgotten how this time last year, he had caught her with this very same chaff.

## WHAT CAUSES HEADACHE.

From October to May, Colds are the most frequent cause of headache. NERVE BROMO QUININE restores case. E. W. Grove on the box. 25c.

## NEWARK BUSINESS COLLEGE.

Graduating scholarship entitled you to an course to a finish day and night increased attendance. Join our class and your success is assured. See catalogue, Lansing Block, S. L. BROWN, Principal.

## Persian Nerve Essence.

RESTORES VITALITY. Have cured thousands of cases of Nervous Debility, and insomnia. They clear the brain, strengthen the circulation, make digestion perfect and impart a magnetic vigor to the whole being. All drains and losses stopped permanently. \$1.00 per box; 4 boxes, guaranteed to cure or refund money. \$4.00. Mailed sealed. Book free. Persian Nerve Essence, 333 Arch St., Philadelphia. Sold in Newark only by Hall, the Dispensary, 19 North Side Square.

John David Jones, Roderick Jones, JONES & JONES, Attorneys-at-Law.

Practices in all the courts, both State and National. Prompt attention given to wills, conveyancing and administration of estates, guardians accounts, and all litigation.

First Building, Newark, Ohio.

J. R. FITZGIBBON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Prosecuting Attorney of Licking Co. Will practice in all the Courts. All business promptly and carefully attended to.

Trust Building, Newark, Ohio.

DR. A. W. BRAED, Dentist.

Trust Building, Fifth Floor, Room 501.

Telephone, Office, 3121 Red Telephone, Residence, 7492 White.

DR. J. T. LEWIS, Dentist.

Office, 412 North Third street, New Phone 818. Res. New Phone 982 White. Teeth extracted without pain; gas and vacuum air with oxygen used when desired. Work guaranteed. Office hours, 9 to 12 a. m. 12 to 5 p. m. Open Wednesday and Saturday evenings from 7 to 9. Other evenings and Sunday by appointment.

W. V. WALTON, Attorney-at-Law, Notary Public.

Practices in all the courts. Special attention given to settlement of estates, conveyancing, etc.

Room 17, Lansing Block, Newark.

J. V. ELLIARD, Attorney-at-Law, Practices in all the State and Circuit Courts. Prompt attention given to settlements of estates. Office in office 3512 West Main street, Wehrle Block.



## TOLD IN PARAGRAPHS

Always fresh, Satin skin cream, never dries up, spoils, shrinks or changes.

Star Brand Shoes are better. Stephan's Department Store. 411

Fortune Ranges at Keller's. 11

Money to loan. Call at Suite 902-2-4 Trust Building. 11-20-dlf

Dance Notice.

There will be a dance at Allen's Place, 77 South Cedar street, on New Year's night. Everyone invited. 30-3

Moved Office.

The Licking Laundry company has moved its office from the corner of Fourth and Church streets to the Manhattan hotel building. 30-4

Bargain Counters.

The Christmas rush being a thing of the past we may now give our attention to the bargain counter rushes.

Debate at Welsh Hills.

The Welsh Hills literary society meets at the school house Friday evening, January 3. Come and hear the debate.

Doesn't Need Mistletoe.

No really bright girl will regret the passing of the mistletoe season. A really bright girl doesn't need any mistletoe.

Car Corn.

Wm. Bowers has just received a carload of corn which will be sold from the car. 31-2t

Appointed Agent.

James Lynn of Newark has been appointed B. & O. station agent at Nashport, O. Mr. and Mrs. Lynn will reside in Nashport.

Knights Templar Dance.

The next Knights Templar dance will be held Friday evening, January 3, and not January 30, as announced on circular sent out.

Ready to Meet You.

No matter whether the weather is hot or otherwise, to the grip machine it's all the same; it's always ready to come half way to make your acquaintance.

Whatsoever Circle.

The Whatsoever Circle of The King's Daughters will meet in their rooms in the Lansing block Thursday evening at 7:30. Election of officers. Everybody urged to be present.

Daughters of Liberty.

Daughters of Liberty will hold a called meeting at the home of Mrs. W. G. Miller 149 Indiana street, on Thursday evening, January 2. Every member is requested to be present.

Dance at Utica.

A delightful dance was given by the high school boys of Utica, at Sherry's hall on Tuesday night, in honor of visiting friends. Music for the occasion was furnished by Daly's orchestra.

Newark Knights Templar.

A large number of the members of St. Luke's Commandery, No. 34, K. T. of this city go to Coshocton on the 12:45 p. m. train to attend the dedication of the new hall of the Coshocton Commandery.

New Year's Reception.

The annual New Year's reception is being held at the Y. M. C. A. The reception began at 2 o'clock and the program at 3. The reception this evening begins at 7 o'clock, followed by a basket ball game at 8 o'clock.

Has Many Good Wells.

The Ohio Fuel Supply company has ceased its field work for the year and now has over 340 producing gas wells in its Ohio territory. This week it is taking gas from about 200 wells and has about 140 closed, which can be turned on at any time. The company has provided its fields to contain almost an inexhaustible supply of gas and its officers say that it anticipates no trouble in giving its consumers all the gas they may require.

Steel Still in Jail.

A. C. Steele, the man who was taken to the county jail Sunday suffering from mental trouble, and who claimed to be the inventor of the wireless telegraph, is still at the jail although Sheriff Redman has done all in his power to have him sent to his home. The sheriff received a message from M. R. Steele, of Brookville, a brother of the demoted man, telling him to notify the commissioners of Brookville, Pa., and that the would probably care for him. What do you think of that? Sheriff Redman says he will keep him until Thursday when he will turn him loose.

Wanderers at Prison.

Officer Charles Swank, the efficient turnkey at the city prison, has been keeping a record of the "wanderers" whom he has accommodated during the month of December. The number was 320, about 50 per cent

of whom claimed they were looking for work. They evidently were not straining their eyesight any or wearing out any shoe leather as many of them could have been accommodated in Newark. The last night of the old year Mr. Swank was host to 20 of the weary wanderers, all of whom were grouped around the comfortable gas fire toasting their shins and creaming of better days.

Mr. Wilson's Birthday.

The year 1826 and Mr. Geo. A. Wilson of North Fourth street, arrived here simultaneously, and the hale and hearty gentleman was on the street New Year's day receiving his birthday and New Year's congratulations.

Horse Dropped Dead.

A valuable horse dropped dead in its stall in the barn of Walter Upson on Hudson avenue Tuesday evening. The hostler had been in the barn attending to it, and it apparently was well as usual when it suddenly took ill and lapsed but a short time. The animal was a fine show horse, good gaited and of splendid size. Its loss will be keenly felt by Mr. Upson.

Cars Are Crowded.

The interurban cars arriving and departing from the suburban station on North Park place were all crowded to capacity Wednesday morning, many taking advantage of the holiday to visit friends in various parts of the state. It was a beautiful morning, the weather was fine and the day was an ideal one for pleasure seekers.

New East End Department.

Chief Bausch and the East Newark firemen are happy, for they have taken possession of their new quarters in East Newark. The building is commodious, the appointments are all modern and up to date and the men have reason to feel proud of their new home. The combination chemical truck and hose wagon has been placed in position and the men are only awaiting the alarm to give it a thorough tryout.

Horse Ran Away.

While Mr. Oliver Priest, wife and daughter, and two brothers, Wash and Albert, were on their way to attend the funeral of Mr. Samuel Priest at his late home several miles northeast of the city their horse frightened at an interurban car three miles east of the city and ran away. The buggy was turned over and the occupants were thrown out onto the ground. All of them sustaining painful bruises. They were all compelled to return to the city.

## LETTER LIST

List of letters remaining uncalled for at the Newark postoffice for week ending December 30th:

Barney, Mr. Albert S.

Burdette, Mr. W. T.

Clark, Mr. W.

Boggs, Mrs. Ivy

Brown, Miss Nell

Caley, Arthur

Cerrenka, Mr. Anthony

Clark, Mr. William

Chloe, Mr. John

Clark, Mr. Oliver

Coal, M. A. and Bros.

Detour, Mr. Fred B.

Dermer, Mr. William

Durant, Miss Rae 2

Egan, Mr. W. J.

Eben, J. W.

Farnsworth, Mr. Levi

Farmer, Mrs. H.

Finn, Mr. E. H.

First, Mr. Nathan

Firestone, Fire and Rubber Co.

Garnett, Miss Lulu

Gift, Mr. W. A.

Giblin, Mr. J. W.

Good, Miss Goldie

Gray, Mr. T. R.

Greenfield, W. G. & G.

Groves, Mrs. Linnie

Griffith, Mr. S. G.

Grey, Dollie

Hamshire, Mr. and Mrs. Fred

Hall, John

Hart, Mrs. W. C.

## The Hollow Bones

of the arms and legs are tubes like a piece of gas pipe. The hollow centre is filled with soft red fatty material called marrow. This is the place where new red blood is made.

## Scott's Emulsion

feeds bone marrow. The rich fat and the peculiar power in SCOTT'S EMULSION gives new vigor and new nourishment. That is why pale people improve on SCOTT'S EMULSION. It has the power to produce new red blood.

All Druggists: 50c. and \$1.00.

## EXPERT JUDGE NOW VIEWING FINE CHICKENS

SOME OF PRETTIEST BIRDS IN OHIO ARE ON EXHIBITION IN NEWARK.

The 800 Chickens at Armory Said to be Worth \$3000—Show Continues All Week.

The big poultry show is now in full blast at the Armory on East Main street. The stock is now all in, and has been well arranged, and today the expert judge is passing on the fine points of the American class, which includes the white, barred and buff Plymouth Rocks, the white, buff, silver, Partridge, Columbian and golden Wyandottes, the rose and single comb Rhode Island Reds, etc.

Some of the most beautiful birds ever shown in Ohio are on exhibition.



E. L. LARASON, Secretary.

and some so high in price that it would require a pretty good horse to equal in value. It is said that the \$500 head now on exhibition are worth over \$3,000, as they represent the very finest of the various exhibitors and many could not be purchased for less than \$50 to \$100 each.

The Leghorns are a very strong class, also, and some of the whitest birds are on exhibition ever seen here. Likewise the White Rocks and Wyandottes. The breeders of the white varieties must necessarily spend a great deal of time and labor in preparing the specimens for exhibition, many washing them as a housewife does fine linen.

The Rhode Island Reds, a comparatively new breed are among the leading entries also.

The most excellent and liberal prizes paid by the association has called out a fine string of the leading poultrymen of the state. Eighteen fine silver loving cups are offered by the management on 12 of the best pens. The Western Poultry Journal of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, offers an exceedingly fine cup to the best shaped pair, and the prima Mills, of St. Louis offers a very beautiful cup to the highest scoring birds in the show. Mrs. S. M. Dickinson of Granville offers a beautiful hand painted mug to the best pen of White Plymouth Rocks. Many of the specialty clubs of the United States offer fine ribbons to winners made by club members. The association also offers \$1 in cash to all winners of first prize single specimens and 50 cents for second prize. Also \$2 to all winners of first prize pens, consisting of one male and four females, and \$1 to winners of second prizes.

A great number of pretty ribbons are also offered by the association, which, together with about \$200 worth of specials in the way of fine stock, merchandise, poultry supplies, etc., offered by the merchants of the city, different exhibitors and foreign manufacturers, make the show one of the most, if not the most interesting of all Ohio poultry shows.

The exhibit will bring many poultry men to the city some to view the fine stock, some to sell and some to purchase.

The exhibit will be open every day and evening and judging will likely be finished Friday when the full list of awards will be given out.

A healthy man is a king in his own right and the man who is an expert in the art of blood building is a sound health-keeper for you.

## DEATHS AND FUNERALS

MRS. ISAAC RYAN.

Mrs. Caroline Ryan, wife of Isaac Ryan, of Hanover, died at her home at 6 o'clock Tuesday evening, death resulting from a fall she received ten days ago. Mrs. Ryan was aged 77 years and seven months.

She is survived by her husband, two sons, George and Perryton, and Malon of Hanover, and one daughter, Melissa Anderson of Newark.

The deceased had for a number of years been a member of the Christian Union church at Mt. Pleasant.

The funeral services will be held at Hanover Thursday morning at 11:30, Rev. R. L. Kilpatrick officiating.

MRS. EUGENIA YONTZ.

The funeral of Mrs. Eugenia Yontz who committed suicide shortly after noon Tuesday, in her room in the Avalon apartments by taking carbolic acid, will be held from the Avalon on Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock. The burial will be made in Cedar Hill cemetery. Aside from her husband, Albert, her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Glenn, and two brothers, Walter of Portsmouth, and Harry, of Chillicothe, survive her.

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## ADVOCATE WANT ADS

Bring the best results because the Advocate is delivered into MORE NEWARK HOMES than any other newspaper.

18 WORDS 3 TIMES 25 CTS.  
24 WORDS 3 TIMES 35 CTS.  
30 WORDS 3 TIMES 45 CTS.

Advertisers can have answers to advertisements addressed to number at this office without extra charge. 'Phones 59.

## FOR SALE.

Auction sale of second hand furniture, Saturday 10 to 4. Hickey Bldg, S. Fourth street, under Bliss' college. 21d3t\*

For Sale—New house and ten acres. Two miles north-east city. Cheap if sold soon. See R. W. Smith, the druggist. 30d3t\*

For Sale—One S. C. W. Leghorn cockle and 12 hens and pullets. H. A. Cooperider, Newark. New phone Farmer 104. 31d3t\*

For Sale—Space in this department of the paper, 3 lines, 3 times for 25c. These little liners produce results. 31d3t\*

For Sale—Two fine lots on Woods avenue; located at end of paved street, and sewer connections. Very cheap—make an offer. J. F. Moore & Son, Franklin

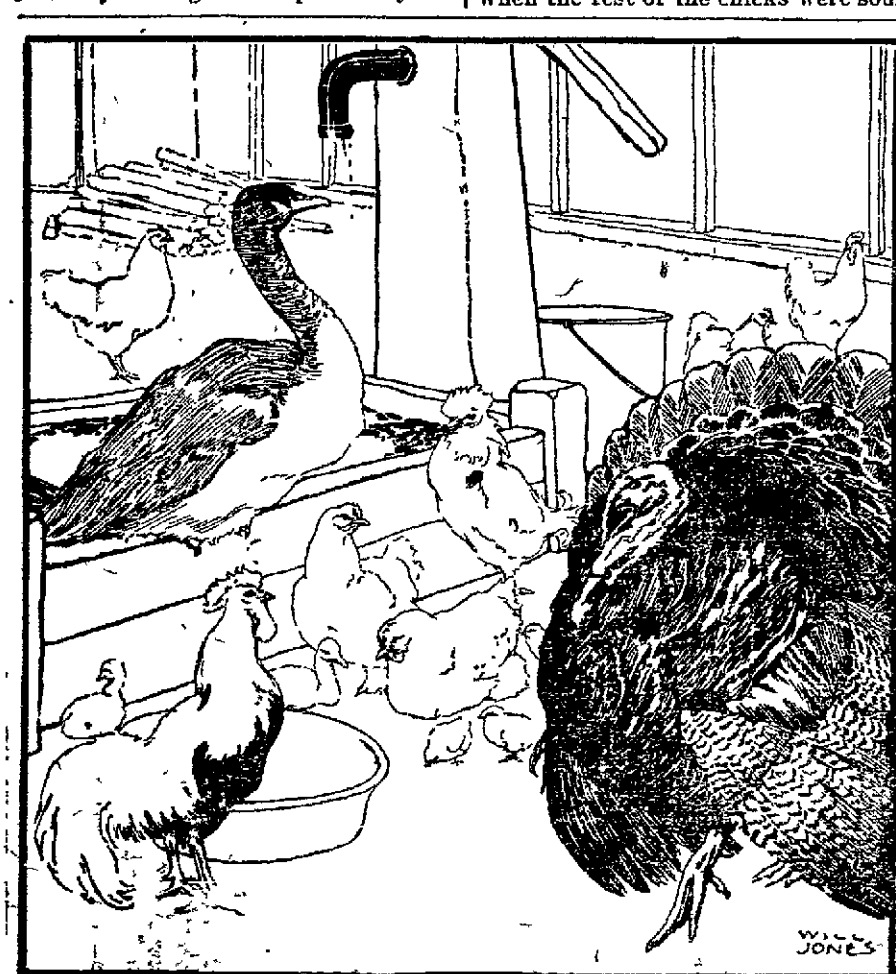






## Aunt Rhody's Goose.

"THAT reminds me," began the Gray Goose, tucking one leg up comfortably under her wing, the way she always did when she started to tell a story. "What reminds you, aunty?" asked a fresh young gosling from the latest batch in the barnyard. "Oh, they've taken the thin young turkey from last year for their Christmas dinner and left old Struts again. Look at him. This is the third year they have put him to one side for those youngsters, and it hurts his feelings terribly. He'll mope and grieve till way past Easter. It really breaks his heart."



JUST THEN OLD STRUTS, THE TURKEY GOBBLER, CAME BY.

figure that I am really an extra handsome goose and am far too valuable to have my head chopped off. Long, long ago when I belonged to Aunt Rhody—"Who's Aunt Rhody?" chirped in Bob, the bantam. "Aunt Rhody lived in the little red house at the bottom of the hill, and she was very particular about her geese. Some she used to fatten for market, and some she saved for feather beds. But she didn't know what to do with me, I was such a perfect beauty."

"Clack-clack-clack!" went all the other geese; then they hissed and spluttered and ran over to the other side of the yard and said they wouldn't play. But the Gray Goose went on as though nothing had happened. All the bantams and young chicks loved her, and she knew the best were only envious.

"There was one hen I was quite chummy with. She had such good intentions. She was always around clucking and fretting and brooding, and she never laid a single egg in all her life. Her name was Victoria. One day she rushed to me all a-flutter and told me she had a nest at last. She didn't know where the eggs had come from or anything about them, but there they were, a dozen of the prettiest eggs you would want to look at, and Victoria started nesting on them right away."

"Didn't any one chase her off?" asked Snowdrop, the topknot hen.

"No. It was a plan of Aunt Rhody's, you see, to help Victoria. And after a few weeks' time what did we see but a lot of chicks that peeped 'mother' at Victoria! But that hen was the strangest acting mother you ever saw. She wouldn't leave the nest. Aunt Rhody went out and shooed her off and tried to make her go with her babies, but back she would fly again, just because there was one egg unhatched in the nest."

"Don't mind that one, Victoria," Aunt Rhody told her. "You've done very well indeed, and your family is large enough already. Go out and take care of them."

"But Victoria was so worried over that one poor little unhatched egg that she couldn't take a bit of comfort with the rest of the family. She would run out and scratch for them awhile, then her heart would yearn after the motherless egg, and she would fly back to the nest and sit on it again. It was very pathetic and sad and at the same time very mysterious."

"Was it a rabbit's Easter egg?" asked the topknot hen, who prided herself on her worldly wisdom because she had been born in an incubator in the city.

"Nothing of the kind," retorted the Gray Goose sharply. "It looked all right and was pure white. Victoria came to me about it at last, and I went to the nest with her. It was Thanksgiving morning but I never thought of that, and when she cazed me to sit on the egg for her while she attended to the rest of the chicks I was only too glad to help her out. So

I sat and sat and sat all day long and felt quite happy about it, but along about sunset Victoria came in and put her family to bed.

"Is it hatched yet?" she asked, and I had to admit that it was not. She flew up beside me, and we looked at that egg.

"Do you suppose if I just pecked it a little it would help?" she asked anxiously, and there were tears in her eyes. "I really love this poor little chick more than all the rest. I'm afraid it may be a little delicate and not strong enough to break its shell."

"Well," I told her, "if that egg were my egg I should break it. They probably put a lot of mixed up eggs in the nest, and goodness knows what kind it may be. It might even be a turkey!"

"Oh, wouldn't it be splendid to be the mother of a turkey?" exclaimed Victoria. "I really can't wait another minute. Let's drop it very gently on the floor. It can't hurt it very much."

"I thought it a very good idea, so when the rest of the chicks were sound



JUST THEN OLD STRUTS, THE TURKEY GOBBLER, CAME BY.

asleep we pushed that last egg out of the nest and let it fall smack on the floor."

"Was it a rabbit?" asked the topknot eagerly. "It sounds to me just the way a rabbit's egg would act at Easter time."

"It wasn't anything at all," said the Gray Goose solemnly and sadly. "It just went all to smithereens on the floor, and there wasn't a sign of a chicken in it. Poor Victoria stared down at it, and I really feared she was going to faint dead away, her eyes rolled so. You see, she was so young and inexperienced, and she did have such splendid intentions."

"Oh, Aunt Goose," she cried, "what kind of an egg was it?"

"It was a darned egg," I said gently. "Aunt Rhody must have put it in by mistake."

"Is that all?" cried Bob, the bantam. "I thought there was going to be a big rooster in it, maybe, or a hawk!"

But all the chickens who were mothers of broods wept silently and shook their heads. They knew how to sympathize with Victoria.

"I suppose," added the Gray Goose comfortably, "I shall be a feather bed some day. That was Aunt Rhody's intention, and I am the handsomest goose in the yard."

But just then old Struts, the turkey gobbler, came by, with his head held high and a kingly stride.

"Company's come for dinner," he announced. "They couldn't do without me. Oyster dressing too. Jerry's only getting the same old sage. Goodby!"

"Let's have roast goose, too, pop," said Tommy two minutes later as he held Struts up by his legs, and the old Gray Goose was switched off her perch before she could catch her breath.

"Apple sauce, apple sauce!" called the topknot hen after her, but all the youngsters in the yard formed in procession and marched solemnly around the barnyard, singing the song they had learned from Tommy:

"Go tell Aunt Rhody,  
Go tell Aunt Rhody,  
Go tell Aunt Rhody,  
Her old gray goose is dead.  
The one she's been saving,  
The one she's been saving,  
The one she's been saving,  
To make a feather bed."

—New York World.

Fog and Cloud.

There is no difference between a fog and a cloud except a position. The fog lies along the surface of the earth, and the cloud floats in the upper air. When the air is colder than the surface of the earth it condenses the vapor of the earth into fog, which does not rise, but when the air is warmer than the surface of the earth the vapor rises and is condensed into a cloud by the cooler upper air.

An Example.

## H. ATHERTON NOW MAYOR

(Continued from Page 1)

adjunct in helping to conduct the affairs of office.

It is in this department that the city's interests are looked after. All improvements for the city's better-



FRANK A. BOLTON, City Solicitor.

ment, its municipal interests as well as the letting of all contracts are passed upon by the board, who handle them from beginning to end. Good business judgment integrity and nice perception are three essential qualifications to possess and Messrs. Livingston, Pliser and Taylor will not be found wanting in this respect.

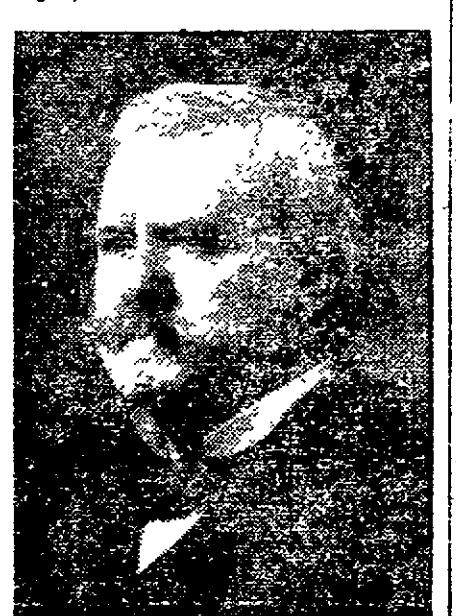
Frank T. Maurath begins his second term today as city auditor. His record speaks for itself and the office could not be in more capable hands. He is noted for efficiency and dispatch and has proven himself one of



FRANK T. MAURATH, City Auditor.

the best informed city officials in Ohio. He is popular with all classes, ever courteous to those who have business dealings with him, and has made hundreds of friends. His work in the office has brought forth the commendation of the state examiners for the neat and correct manner in which all of his office books have been kept.

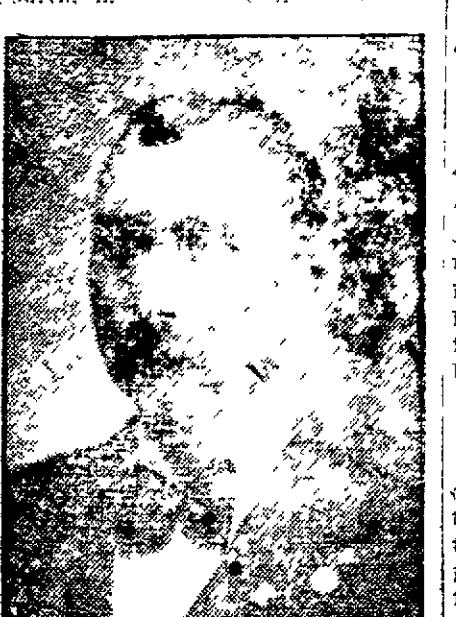
The city's menies will be cared for by "Lonny" Taylor, who succeeds Royal Bigbee. He is an expert book-keeper, is reliable and trustworthy and



A. R. PITSER, Board of Service.

the affairs of the office will be administered accurately, systematically and honestly.

The vice-mayor, Harry Rosell, the three councilmen-at-large, J. S. Kuster Jr., Henry Baker and L. A. Store and the four ward councilmen, C. D. Iwin of the First ward, W. D. Fulton of the Second, Elmer Orr of the Third and George E. F. of the Fourth, will all be sworn in.



S. R. LIVINGSTON, Board of Service.

at 1 o'clock and were sworn into office by Solicitor Bolton. All of the gentlemen are Democrats with the

exception of Mr. Flohr, who had no opposition at the election.

Mr. Rosell, the president of the council and vice-mayor has served in that capacity for the past two years. Throughout the term he has been ever courteous and fair in his treatment of all the members. He has



MILTON M. TAYLOR, President of Service Board.

made an admirable and ideal presiding officer and brings to the incoming body that experience which he has gained during his tenure of the office in the past and which will be found of vast importance.

The entire council body will consist of new faces. All of them are men of good business insight and they will conduct the public business with the same anxious solicitude that they would their own. The city is to be congratulated on having such a representative body of men to look after its interests.

Three members of the school board also assumed those duties today. There were Messrs. David M. Keller, Frank L. Beggs and Charles L. Con-



W. F. HOLTON, Justice of the Peace.

rad. The former is a Democrat and the latter two Republicans. Messrs. Keller and Beggs were re-elected while Mr. Conrad will be the only new member on the board. These gentlemen all have ample qualifications to fill the duties of this most responsible trust.

"Squire W. F. Holton succeeded Justice Lee S. Lake. He is no novice in administering justice having served in the same capacity in Mary Ann township. He has also served as county commissioner for a number of years and will undoubtedly make an excellent 'squire'."

Robert E. Forgrave will be the new constable and it goes without saying that he will look after the interests of the court in a manner which will be entirely satisfactory.

The Advocate takes great pleasure in congratulating all of the new officials on their induction into public office and trusts that their administration of the city affairs will be such as to call forth the commendation of their fellow citizens. It also wishes them all a happy and prosperous New Year.

### Williams' Kidney Pills.

Have you neglected your kidneys? Have you overworked your nervous system and caused trouble with your kidneys and bladder? Have you pains in loins, side, back, groins and bladder? Have you a flabby appearance of the face, especially under the eyes? Too frequent a desire to pass urine? If so, Williams' Kidney Pills will cure you. Price, 50 cents. Sold by R. W. Smith, Newark.

Star Brand Shoes are better. Stephen's Department Store. 417

### WHISKY KILLS MERE BABY.

Youngstown, Jan. 1.—Catherine, three year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Brown, died in convulsions yesterday. 20 hours after she had drunk a glass of whisky. She had been sent frequently to a nearby saloon to get whisky for her grandfather, and this time instead of bringing it back she drank it herself.

### CUT OFF COUNTRY'S WATER.

Zanesville, Jan. 1.—Because the county commissioners would not pay the year's water rent of \$450 when the bill was presented the board of public service had the water supply for the entire county house and churches residence, jail and bridges cut off.

Flash thunders and weaken the bowels cause chronic constipation. Doan's Kidney Pills cure it. Ask your druggist for them.

## EX-MAYOR CRILLY

Appointed Superintendent of Cedar Hill Cemetery—M. M. Taylor Made President.

The City Board of Public Service met at 9 o'clock Wednesday morning, January 1, and organized. Mr. M. M. Taylor was elected president and Albert Gundlach clerk. Ex-Mayor



Crilly was appointed superintendent of Cedar Hill cemetery. The board then adjourned until Tuesday morning.

HAVE YOU TRIED AJAX? Ajax is the name of a cold cure that cures—a cure that does all that is claimed for it, and it claims a good deal, too. It cures a new cold within an hour and an old one after five or six doses. That's a strong claim, but local druggists say that it is without doubt the best cold cure compounded. An Akron man discovered it and in Akron the physicians are using it in their practice. They say it breaks up the worst cases of pneumonia. It's a good plan to keep Ajax in the house. It sells for twenty-five cents.

Star Brand Shoes are better. Stephen's Department Store. 417

## POLICE COURT AT CITY PRISON

MAYOR ATHERTON DISPOSES OF NINE CASES ON WEDNESDAY MORNING.

### PARADE OF THE UNFORTUNATES CUT OUT.

ing the drunkenness and unfortunates continued until afternoon—Minor Cases Heard.

Mayor Atherton took hold of the wheel that will steer Newark through the next two years, and celebrated the fact by handling nine cases in the new police court. Not liking all the glitter and display attendant upon sending the patrol down to the city prison, hauling the prisoners up through the crowded streets, humiliating them unnecessarily, and parading the drunkenness and unfortunates of the city before the people, Mayor Atherton has wisely decided to hold court in the court room in the second story of the city prison.

"There is no need of exposing people before the public, when they are arrested. Many of the more hardened do not care who sees them, but there are many, many cases that each person feels bad enough without letting the whole city see them riding around in the patrol in the custody of officers," and he is right. The clack-clack of the hoofs of the patrol horses and the rattling of the gong on the wagon always attracts attention, and people always look to see who is paying the penalty of a little carelessness or misfortune.

The cases this morning were disposed of quietly and without bluster of any sort. The first cases called were that of Florence Williams and Mebel Hamilton, who were arrested at 11 o'clock last night at the Hamilton house of ill fame on Walnut street. Three men who were with them were cause one of the men discharged a revolver into the air. The men were dismissed and the case of the women was continued until 2 o'clock this afternoon. The raid was made by Chief Sheridan, Captain Bell, Officers Brown, Greeley and Doherty.

Bomber Irwin, arrested by Detective Roberts at 8:10 o'clock last night, was given \$1 and costs for trainriding. F. L. Dawson, a former Newark policeman who was discharged from the force some time ago, was arrested at 3:30 this morning by Officers Burke, Greeley, Lanning and Abbott. Dawson was drunk and in a very bad mood. To relieve the pressure he hurled a big stone through the window of the Fitzsimmons saloon on South Second street. His case will be tried this afternoon.

Mike O'Grady was arrested at 12:30 yesterday afternoon for being drunk and exposing his person at the "Y" and O depot. Baggage-master Land arrested the man and took him to the city prison. One dollar and costs for Mike.

Mike Black, a foreigner, was arrested at 7 o'clock last night for being drunk and disorderly and breaking up the furniture at the Krupp saloon on South Second street. Officers Lining and Donley arrested him. One dollar and costs.

**He Knows**

Talk with your doctor about Ayer's non-alcoholic Sarsaparilla. Ask him if he prescribes it for pale, delicate children. Ask him if he recommends it when the blood is thin and impure, and when the nerves are weak and unsteady. Ask him if it aids nature in building up the general health. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Consult your doctor freely about medical matters. He knows. Trust him. Do as he says. Follow his advice.

## Pleze Notis

Not our spellin', but that their will bee a "Surch and Seezyer" sale at

## LONG'S DEPARTMENT STORE

Jan. 4 to 11---7 Days

Hundreds of articles free for the finding and taking them—"Surch and Seezyer." Get a handbill at your door or at the store.

## January Sale

At prices that will SELL THE GOODS

**1-4 off**

On all Woolen Hose and Underwear, Fleece Underwear and Ladies' Muslin Underwear.

We are closing out these lines to make room for other stock.

SALE IS NOW ON

## LEVITT & BOWMAN

Art Materials.

## Felt Mufflers



## Slippers

Men's, Women's and Children's

## Linehan Bros

### SAYS HE HAS TWO WIVES.

Wooster, Jan. 1.—One week ago Miss Clara Steinmetz, a pretty young woman of this city, announced that she had been married since September 28 to A. M. Falkerson, a traveling salesman, and that she was going to join her husband in Toledo. Mrs. Steinmetz, a brother, on being told of the alleged marriage, began an investigation, and on returning from Berea Tuesday announced that he had discovered that Falkerson was a married man and has a wife and four children living in Berea. Steps will be taken to cause Falkerson's arrest.

### ELKS DANCE YEAR OUT.

Columbus, Jan. 1.—A New Year's eve ball was given Tuesday night by the ELKS.

### PITTSBURG FIRE TODAY.

Pittsburg, Pa., Jan. 1.—This city celebrated New Year's with a \$150,000 fire in the nine-story brick office building owned by the Excelsior Casket company. Fireman William Viss was seriously hurt.

Good, hearty breakfast is Mrs. Austin's famous pancakes.

### CASH FOR BAD DEBTS.

Place your delinquent accounts in our hands for collection. Our charges are less than you lose if you let them depreciate by neglect.

We handle merchandise accounts of all kinds, accounts for medical or dental services; rent, board, lodging, labor, borrowed money. Arrest fraud debtors. Sue and garnish debtors who ignore notices and warn the merchants to beware of them. Trace and watch the shifty sort till able to forepayment.

BLUE BOOK CREDIT RATING CO., 35 1-2 South Side Square.

### Fortune Ranges at Keller's.

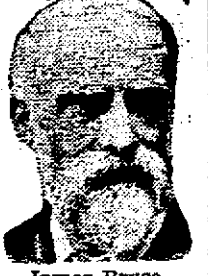
The Bishop of London, who was recently in this country, is planning to visit Russia next year.

### CHARGES FOR ORBITARIES AND CARDS OF THANKS.

Readers will kindly take notice that there is a charge of five cents a time (six words to the line) for all obituaries, exceeding 15 lines, (90 words). We print all obituaries less than 15 lines free of charge. Cards of thanks we charge five cents a line (six words to the line). The minimum charge of cards of thanks is 50 cents.



BY NORMA JEAN STUBBS.





## The Leprechaun Lochinvar.

A New Year's Story  
...By Olive Harper...

[Copyright, 1907, by C. N. Lurie.]

It was just this wise, yis, Brannigan's second cousin, Rory O'Brannigan, an' betoken it was no great-aunt by marriage an' not me own blood relation at all, at all, an' it was the talk of the county at the time av it, an' that's thro' for yez, an' it was a Leprechaun as done it.

Lizzie McFadden was her name. Och, there's a gell at the bottom av all things as goes wrong, to be sure, an' she's name was Elizabeth, after the blessed saint, an' Rory wor her name, an' she's name wor Lizzie for short.

Lizzie wor a purty gell, wid two eyes as black as sloes an' hair so black an' shiny that it wor like the gown Lady Morris wore to mass. An' the two cheeks av her! Oh, wirra, but they wor rid, ridder nor roses nor a robin's brist, an' her lips matched 'em. Oh, aye, she wor a swate, purty gell, an' sassy an' impudent! Her tongue it wor hung in the middle an' loose at both ends, wid honey on one end an' a sting in the other.

Sometimes she would sting first an' put the honey on after, but more times she'd honey yez all up till yez thought she wor all honey, an' then yez'd git the sting av it, an' it wud keep yez on tenterhooks to know f'what wor comin' next.

So, as I did, Rory O'Brannigan wor rid in love wid her, but sorra's the day! He wor that distrilled that he have dothin' in the wide wurld but the two hands av him, a big, strong body, a curly yellow hid like a singin' linnet an' two blue eyes filled wid diviltry an' fun. Yis, he wor in love wid Lizzie, but no one iver t'ought

happy. But she wor too proud to iver let any won-see it. An', to crown it all, Rory lift the place, an' nobody knowed where he went.

When Lizzie promised her feyther he built her a shinnal house about two mile from the widdy's farm, on the edge of the highroad to the valley an' the next town. He sold his holdin' in the auld place an' all he had to move to the widdy's when they wor married—all but wan horse. Lizzie made so much fuss over this an' cried so harrud that the auld spalpeen av a feyther milted an' kep' it for Lizzie. It hadn't its auld in all Kerry, sayin' wan, an' that wor her full brother, an' that belonged to a man far up the valley, where Rory wurrecked sometimes. They wor just as black as a crow an' looke the pictures av horses in books. My, but their tails an' ganes wor long an' flouted in the wind soft an' free. Nivver wor two horses finer to look at dancin' an' rummin' too, when let. My, but they wor fine horses, an' it is a pity, so it wor!

Yis, I'm comin' to that. As I say, Lizzie wouldn't let Garge, the horse, be sold, an' so he wor took to Kerry an' called Lizzie's horse.

So when her feyther wor married wid the widdy she went for to live wid him, but she soon seen she wor unwelcome, an' like a juttill gell she say she will marry Pat, so when the bit av a house wor done an' plenished she wor cled in church three Sundays, an' then she say she would be married under her own roof on New Year's or, not at all, at all.

So, thin, seein' as she wor so determined, the rist they give in, an' all the inloire neighborhood kem to the little new house to see the weddin' wid Pat McGowan. We all farmed a percession an' walked along the road, an' Lizzie wor, dressed in a fine white gown f'what Lady Morris give her, but she wor whiter nor her driss, an' I seen her movin' her lips all along the road like she wor talkin' wid some one we cundent see. She looked like she wor asleep.

When we all kem to the dure av the feyther's house an' wor walkin' along



## A New Year's Talk With Dolly

BY Frank H. Sweet

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY FRANK H. SWEET

"COME to me, my dolly, dear.  
Pretty soon 'twill be New Year.  
Have you always been quite good,  
Minded me as well 's you could,  
Kept your dresses clean and neat,  
Haved to others nice and sweet?  
If you haven't, Dolly, Dent,  
Now's the time for you to 'pent."

"DOLLS as well as little girls  
Must not tumble up their curls,  
Must not tear their stocking knees,  
Must say 'Thank you, sir,' and 'Please,'  
Must be still when grown folks talk,  
Good when they go out to walk.  
If they're not, dear Dolly, Dent,  
Now's the time for them to 'pent."



"THAT'S what I hear papa say,  
And on every New Year's day,  
As I sit upon his knee,  
He tells me how good he means to be,  
Kisses me and mamma, too,  
Promises what he will do.  
Do you hear me, Dolly, Dent?  
Now's the time for you to 'pent."

"AND when New Year's comes we'll be  
Lovely children, you and me,  
When we're told we'll go to bed,  
We will mind just what is said,  
And when mamma's friends are here  
See how well we can appear.  
Then next year, dear Dolly, Dent,  
You and I won't have to 'pent."

wint an' got down on their marrow-bones an' built the fire. The bride she wor on her big black horse Garge, an' Pat wor 'idin' near, an' thin f'what had donkey's an' horses rode thin an' f'what didn't walked. An' f'what-will the darkness an' the confusion no one cud see his felly to know him. An' when they kem to the deepest shaddy av the hills an' trees there kem in among thin a dark man on a big black horse, an' no one knowed who it wor, an' Garge, Lizzie's horse, whimpered, an' so did the other wan, an' bein' fierce an' mettlesome, they begin to rane an' dance, an' all the rest got away as fast as they cud, for the big rider av the other black horse niver said no wurud nor even "God save yez all," as a Christian ought, an' so we knowed after that it wor the Leprechaun.

Leprechauns, as yez know, are the wicked faeries that watch out av stealin' away from their husbands jurrin' the dancin' or whilst they are goin' to the new home. They carry thin aff to the wild gills, an' they're niver heard av ag'in.

Lizzie did niver a wurud to no body, an' when they wor in the darkest spot the big black horse danced along be the side av Garge, an' some says they heard muterin' talk, but this is not sure. When the party kem to the house the big-black horse wor gone, an' nobody seen him nor heard him. But he wor gone.

Lizzie she say niver a wurud to nobody, an' when in the house an' left Garge tied wid the rist. She pat her head first an' whisper somethin' to him. She know there wor no mate for him in Kerry for the long stride, long wind an' injurance but he's own full brother, an' he wor sold away.

So Lizzie jump to the ground an' wint in an' stud fermin' the foire, holdin' out her han's to the blaze. Now Kelly she say afterward that Lizzie had the look av wan as had seen a banshee.

The feyther an' stipmother an' Feyther Francis wor a comin' in the carry-all, an' that wor slower an' had not come yet.

Lizzie she go to her bedroom an' put off her fine gown an' put on a warm wan, sayin' she wor cold, an' she had her hand an' long cloak tied on the horse, an' there they stared. Pat McGowan wor more than half seas over f'what wid the toatin', an' Lizzie she niver dancin' a step, an' she the lightest futed doll in Kerry.

Lizzie wor standin' like a did wan, wid a shinnal like it wor carved in white stone. The feyther an' mother an' the party wor not yet kem, but Lizzie she start an' say she see her feyther's face at the widdy, an' she go out, sayin' nothin' to nobody, but Widdy Shannessy she say it wor the Leprechaun as done it to get her out, an' she wor gone afore any wan t'ought to tell her. In a minute we heard horses' hoofs poundin' on the road, an' they wor gone.

It wor the Leprechaun as took her feyther's features to becom' her out, an' thin he kem on his own horse, an' bers wor obliged to folly. Lepre-

chauns is compellin' like the little p'ple, an' so Lizzie rode away wid him. Many young brides are beguiled away loike that, spect'ally if they be purty, wid the enchainments.

"First we wor all scared an' dared not move, an' thin Pat he say, 'A hummer pound to him as catches thin?' But who can catch a Leprechaun? No wan. Feyther Francis an' the feyther an' mother kem just thin, an' the good praste say go, an' thin as had dolly relics wor safe. But when they go to get on their horses, sure, they wor all tied together fasht wid a bran new rope that wor niver made wid human hands. An' before they wor untied it wor too late, for no one cud hear a soun' nor no direction. An' we all knowed that now Lizzie wor in the deeps, av the bog beyant an' no one would iver see her ag'in.

So we all stayed in the little house till day, an' when we wint out all we cud fin' wor the hoof prints av two horses.

Three months after Pat died wid a sickness. He wor ails a hard drinker, an' now he done nothin' else sence Lizzie wor kerried off by the Leprechaun till he kem to see awful visions s'nt by the bewitchments av the Leprechauns.

F'what bekem av Rory O'Brannigan? Well, it wor niver rightly understood, but he disappeared that same noight. He had no call to come to the weddin', for nobody axed him, an' he niver seeked out Lizzie to coert her, nor she didn't shuoble at him niver, but he wor niver seen in Kerry any more. Some t'ought as maybe the Leprechauns done away wid him.

Did we iver hear from him at all? Faith, there wor a man av Kerry that wint to Ameriky, an' he kem back to take the auld p'ple wid him, an' he say he seen Rory in New York, an' he wor a policeman wid a club as big as yer arm an' a big gol' buttons on his coat an' a bat like a bustin' on'y all white. But sure that cundent be thure, for they cundent take horses wid 'em nor shuin the s'ar. Yis, it wor the Leprechauns as took Lizzie.

## JAPAN'S NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

Shimeta Neesima and What He Did For His Country.

Half a century ago, in the ancient city of Yeddo, was born a child whose birthday marked the beginning of the greatest epoch in the history of Japan. This child was Shimeta Neesima, the son of a man of the samurai class, one of the aristocrats of old Japan, a retainer of a great prince. He was born to high privileges, and the joy of his parents at the coming of a heir was unbounded.

Japan at this time was entirely pagan. Her gods were closely to foreigners, and signboards throughout the empire bore decrees against Christianity. Reading the Bible was one of the three crimes punishable, with crucifixion.

The Neeshimas were idolaters, and

they taught their little son to worship the array of ugly images which adorned their home. But Shimeta was a lad of keen intellect and sturdy common sense. He soon began to lose faith in gods of wood and stone and after he was sixteen would no longer join in the family worship. One day in the library of a friend he had found an abridged copy of the Bible printed in Chinese characters. From that time his great desire was to learn more of the God who was worshipped in the west. He had begun also to realize the benighted state of his country in other things than in religion. The visit of Commodore Perry had opened his eyes to the wonders of western civilization, and his young heart was stirred with longing to serve his country in some better way than his sword bearing ancestors had done. He had a history of the United States, printed, like his little Bible, in Chinese, and this he studied assiduously.

With great difficulty he obtained from his parents permission to go to Hakodate, an open port, where he hoped to find an English or American teacher who would unfold to him the world of learning of which he had had but a glimpse. Arriving at Hakodate, he was doomed to disappointment. No teacher was there. Then he determined to make his way to America. The rigid laws against emigration were still in force, and the undertaking was fraught with danger. But finally he succeeded in making his escape and boarded at night an American schooner bound for Shanghai. The Japanese officials searched the vessel the next morning, but the captain hid Shimeta in his cabin.

At Shanghai he was forced to wait for many days until the captain of the Wild Rover, a Boston ship, offered to let him work his passage to America. While in Shanghai he had obtained his first great desire, an English Bible, for which he had traded one of his swords. The kind-hearted captain of the Wild Rover became interested in the boy, dressed him in American clothes and taught him English. The Wild Rover spent several months in

## The Footpad and the Colonel.

A New Year's Sketch  
...By C. B. Lewis...

[Copyright, 1907, by C. B. Lewis.]

W HEN Colonel Ransome was held up by a footpad in the suburbs New Year's night he quietly handed over \$30 in cash and said:

"My friend, I make no kick. I follow the reputation of being a good fellow and of having ready money. On this blessed New Year's day I counted up ten notes I had indorsed for friends within a twelvemonth past. I had each and every one to pay. In addition I had a list of twenty-two men who borrowed from \$5 to \$20 and forgot to pay it back. I had fully made up my mind it was cheaper and better for me to be held up on the highway."

"There's something in that," mused the footpad as he lingered.

"More than you see at first glance. Not only would it be cheaper, but it would save my circle of friends. By lending and indorsing I lost a score of them last year. It is also more satisfactory in another way. What a robber robs me of is gone, and I don't worry over it. What I lend I must wonder if I will ever get back. You have no feeling against me because you have robbed me, eh?"

"None, sir, unless it be a feeling of respect and gratitude."

"That's it. Now, then, had you borrowed \$15 of me and neglected to return it you would not only drop out of my list of friends, but you would go around with a feeling that I had actually wronged you."

"I see. You either return a loan and are grateful or you beat the man out of it and dislike him because you have

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And Keen Edge  
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Fine Candies—Cut Flowers

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for some time to come. We  
have a splendid assortment  
from which to make selections.  
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what you want here, and  
best of all, you will find  
the price just as satisfactory.

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Deeds and mortgages written. All business  
entrusted to me will be promptly  
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promptly to the business entrusted to  
him. Special attention given to collec-  
tions, administration of estates, accounts  
of administrators, executors, guardians  
and trustees, carefully stated and attend-  
ed to. Special facilities for obtaining  
patents in all countries.  
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now prepared to do any and all  
kinds of

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torily executed.

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she iver encouraged him, for wid all  
her scornful ways an' stingin' spache  
she wor a discrete, well conducted gell,  
rig'lar to her juty an' up'hetimes for  
first mass.

She wor maid to Lady Morris foire  
year come Candlemas, an' jurin' that  
time she kipt com'pny wid no wan at  
all at all. When Lady Morris died  
Lizzie kem home to remain wid her  
feyther, an' the auld spalpeen wor a  
widdy man, an' he seen a widdy wo-  
man in 'Kerry' wid a foine shinnal  
farum, an' he an' she wor goin' to be  
married next Lady day. The widdy  
cundent abide to have a young gell  
about, an' spechul one so purty as  
Lizzie, for it made her look twinty  
years aulder.

Yis, so thin she bedeviled the auld  
mon—the omadoun!—to see Feyther  
McCarthy an' have him pick out a  
husban' for her. An' bechune 'em they  
fixed on Pat McGowan, the widdy's  
own nerry, God hilt us, so she do.

Now, Lizzie wor eliver, an' betimes  
when worrek' for Lady Morris as her  
own maid she had mone a shillin' an'  
ba' crown give her, for there wor  
foine doin's an' fashions av com'pny,  
an' Lizzie wor nate an' purty, an' so  
they all made her foine prinsts too.  
She saved this unbeknownst to any  
wan, for she t'ought if she quitted liv-  
in' out an' kem home to worrek on the  
farum she'd alim her keep. It is told  
that after her foire years av service,  
settin' aside her regular wages f'what  
she give to her feyther, she had as  
mone as fifty pound.

Yis, an' well, thin, her feyther, the  
widdy an' Feyther McCarthy an' all  
the neighbors uzed Pat McGowan  
on her, mornin', noon an' night. An'  
he kem about wid he's hat on the  
side av his hid an' a dandewin' av he's  
shillalash an' a boatin' av the  
prop'erty he'd have when he's auld died.  
He wor the black-and-white lookin'  
bunk av mate yez'd find in the six  
counties.

Lizzie she sayed but little, for she  
wor outnumbered, yez see, but thin  
that knowed her from a baby an' that  
wor not blinded loike her feyther an'  
Feyther Francis McCarthy, who hilt  
out for Pat, eqd see as she wor not

decorous an' quiet Rory O'Brannigan  
wor standin' by it, an' when Lizzie  
passed him by wid a strange kin' av  
look he say niver a word, but he's face  
look like a cold corpus. He look at  
Lizzie, but she niver raise her eyes  
to him.

All the company had gathered at her  
feyther's farum, where her stipmother  
had made a foine faste for all.  
There wor fitches av bacon f'iled wid  
cabbage, baked prastes, an' butter ga-  
lows, hot cakes, an' milk an' but-  
termilk, an' sparberis, an' bloaters, an'  
kippers fried, an'—oh, I cundent tell  
you in a wake-an' scones, an' fine  
white bread, an' tay, an' whusky for  
the askin'.

When it growed dusk av the twilight  
there wor to be the marriage an' the  
ingatherin'. An' the first fire wor to be  
made on the hearth. Feyther Francis  
had a little altar fixed on the big chist  
av drawers, an' Lizzie suddint would  
have it that the ceremony shuddent  
begin till on the stroke av twelve, just  
as the New Year wor comin' in.

So she wor that obstinate that no  
one cud control her, an' instid av the  
marriage bein' at twilight it wor set  
for twelve, an' she would have it that  
they should dance at her feyther's—all  
at thin that could shake a leg. Auld  
Pat Rafferty wor the fiddler, an' Andy  
McGraw wor the piper, an' they wint  
at it hot fur. All the wimmin say it  
wor dangerous for to go through the  
ridges bechune half past elvin an'  
twelve, for the Leprechauns are out  
thin, an' sorra's the day for the bride  
they catch!

It wor two miles to the little house  
from the big farum, an' at last all wor  
ready to start. Fanny Dooley kerried  
the burnin' turf for to start the new  
foire, an' they wor all singin' an'  
dancin' along. Feyther Francis wor  
prettly well set up, for Lizzie she kep'  
poinin' whusky into her glass an' inlil  
he's cup av tay till he didn't know  
f'what he wor takin', tay or whusky.  
An' the clerk he wor put on the don-  
key, an' one av the min hilt him on  
junn the ride.

They wor all dancin' an' crackin'  
jokes all the way till they kem to the  
house. Thin Denny an' Mary Rhee,



## Molly's Little Pie

By JOANNA SINGLE.

[Copyright, 1906, by McClure, Phillips &amp; Co.]

P A's rheumatism twinged at his back as he stooped to take an armful of wood from the pile. The winter wind blew about the thin fringe of white hair beneath his old fur cap and brought tears to his still fiery black eyes. He groaned as he went with his burden toward the neat little farmhouse. He was laboriously filling the wood box after doing the morning chores, and he was very tired.

Ma opened the door and closed it after him, but she did not speak. He avoided her gentle blue eyes. It had been almost six years since he could talk to her without disagreement. Ma went back to her pie-making on the table near the window and looked past the ear cornstalks, half buried in snow, to a little brown house from whose chimney the smoke seemed to rise almost gaily into the dead gray day. There was a red barn near the little house, and to and fro in the yard ran a small figure in a red coat and cap. Ma's heart yearned toward her daughter Molly's four-year-old Jimmy. Then she sighed and looked around at her husband's obdurate face.

John Davis was what is called a good man, but he was hard. He boast-



"OPEN YOUR MOUTH, PA"

ed that his great-grandfather was an Indian, and that he himself never forgave an injury. He had wanted Molly to marry Peter Andrews and had therefore considered himself hopelessly injured when she insisted on loving and marrying Richard Burns. Though he had no real objection to Richard in himself, Molly was as stubborn as he, and there had been no visiting between the two households by his own command. He was master in his own house, and Ma obeyed, though under protest, for their two sons were out west, and Molly was all she had. She had long since ceased to argue with Pa about it, and though she did not go to Molly's house, she made the most of any chance meetings with her or the small Jimmy. She had not been in her daughter's house since the time Jimmy was born. Pa had not tried to stop her then.

And now it was the day before the new year began. Ma went on with her pies, big and rich and thick with her best mince meat, and she did now as she had always done since Molly had been a tiny girl—made one pie in a little yellow saucer—Molly's little pie. Each year she continued to do this, her husband's contempt notwithstanding. "This time she did it ostentatiously, holding it high on her hand as she trimmed the crust off around the edge. She intended to attract his attention."

He had removed his mittens and had taken down his old gun from the rack. He sat cleaning the gun, with his feet on the hearth and his teeth set. He was in torture from rheumatism and so weak he could scarcely get through with what work must be done out of doors, but he carefully hid his condition from his wife. Ma would put him to bed and dose him and tell him he had to forgive Molly and have Richard over to relieve him of the heavy work. Richard wanted to do this too. Ma would be scared and say he was too old to be alone and too old to be unforgiving. He was only sixty, and he never had forgiven any one, and he did not intend to begin now, and he had said he would never see Molly's baby, and he never would either!

Then he looked up and saw Molly's little pie balanced on her mother's hand. It was the last straw.

"Ma," he said, "you're a worse little fool every year. Quit makin' that little fool pie! Molly'll never come over here to eat it, and you can make up your mind to that. You've had time enough! And I forbid you to be ever-lastin' mean! Let me Burns like I know you do! I'll—I'll look you up, old as you be, if you don't have any sense! I don't want to have to say this again next year. You throw that pie into the slop bowl at this minute or I'll come over there and do it myself!" He rose, but his rheumatism made him pause. And then Ma did what she had not done once before in the forty years of their marriage. She faced him with

flaming eyes and dared him to touch her or the pie, and he stood speechless beneath the torrent of her words. He had not seen Ma roused before.

"John Davis," she finished after she had talked awhile, "the Lord can take down your wicked pride if I can't! You know Molly had a right to marry Richard. You know you're as wild to see your own grandson as I am too! I'm goin' over there after this just when I please. I'm goin' to take this pie over when it's baked. I've sent it on the way too long. I'm tired of sneakin'. I've knuckled under to your whim as long as ever I intend to. You're too old to be so hard. You better just stop temptin' Providence with the hardness of your heart and go and fetch home Molly and Richard and Jimmy. I'm cookin' the best in the land, like I always do. You do what I say and see how good it feels to be decent once. This will be New Year's eve and a good time to begin. This is the last word I'm goin' to say about it." She closed her mouth and slammed the oven door on the pie.

Pa stood in the middle of the room, holding his gun, too dumfounded to speak or move. At last he started for the door, and she called him in her usual voice:

"It's about 11, and dinner'll be ready at 12. What you want with the gun, pa?" He answered dully:

"Saw some fat rabbits over in the cornstalks. Thought I'd like to taste one. We ain't had any this winter." He marched out of the house, and from the window Ma watched him plow through the snow and cornstalks till he passed out of sight behind some old sheds and haystacks back of Molly's barn.

She put dinner on the table at 12 and called loudly to the barn. She waited awhile, then put things in the oven to keep warm. In the pantry the pies stood in delicious brown crispness beside the fruit cake and cranberry jelly and all the delicacies the farm afforded.

At 1 o'clock he had not yet come, and she grew impatient. She had heard the gun once or twice, but that was some time back. At 2 she went out to search the barn.

Then she thought he might have been asked in to dinner at a neighbor's, and she ate a little herself and cleared the things away. It grew dusk, and still he did not come home. She hung her shawl over her head and, taking the little pie, started for Molly's, forgetting everything except that she must find Richard and get him to look for Pa. She was sure something must be done. As she went down the road she saw little Jimmy run wildly up from the barn and rush into the house, leaving the door open. He ran out again with Richard and Molly, who followed him to the barn.

They disappeared back of the old sheds behind the barn. Ma's limbs almost failed her. She seemed to be making no progress, though she was not twenty rods from the gate. Then Molly ran back to the house and re-emerged with a blanket on her arm.

Ma's heart was oppressed with a vague fear, but at last she managed to reach the porch and sink upon the steps. She rested there a moment till around the corner of the barn came a sight that made her sick and dizzy—Pa, limp and seemingly lifeless, in the blanket, with Richard carrying his head and Molly his feet and the little boy crying. Ma toppled over and fell senseless in the snow.

When she opened her eyes she was on the sofa in her own room. The lights were bright, and little Jimmy stood beside her, patting her cheek. Molly stood over her, smiling, and across the room she saw Pa propped up in bed. Old Dr. Smith was just going from the room. She tried to get up to go to Pa, but he called out to her to stay where she was. Richard was standing near him, and he looked kindly up at the tall young fellow.

"Tell me I'm all right, Richard. I only fell and hurt my leg, and the rheumatism was so bad that I fainted, and when I came to I couldn't get up. If Jimmy hadn't come chasin' out there and found me I'd 'a' froze to death, though. I ain't to say hurt at all. I'll be up in a day or two. Ain't nothin' broke, ma, but my hard old heart, and 'twas high time it was! I had over four hours out there in the snow fightin' off freezin' to death and tryin' to make some one hear. I had plenty of time to think, and I was afraid I'd die and you'd never know I wasn't as mean as I acted." Ma began to cry softly, but Molly soothed and petted her.

"Never mind, ma; it's all right now, and Richard and Jimmy and I'll come over every day and look after you." But Pa had another word to say. Jimmy was sitting in a dark corner very busy at something. He rose and came to his grandmother with his blue apron gathered in his two hands.

"You'll all come right over here," Pa was saying. "That house ain't over-comfortable, an' ma an' me have room here for a dozen. Ain't we, ma?" She assented, and Jimmy put up his hands to put her face again.

"Lan sakes," she ejaculated. "You're all sick, Jimmy! Molly, what in time is he holding in his apron?" Together she and Molly coaxed him to let them look. A yellow saucer rolled to the floor.

"Molly's pie!" said Ma. "Where did he get it? I must have dropped it on your steps and he's picked it up and eat it most all but the chunk in his hand! He'll be sick, Molly!" But Molly laughed.

"Jimmy give mamma a bite. It's ma's pie, and she wants grandpa to taste it. We ain't used to dividin' up, pa didn't see. She went over to him with a broken bit in her hand."

"Open your mouth, pa," she said roughly. Pa obeyed, and then he said:

"It's a humble pie, Molly, but it's good."

## AMUSEMENTS

## THE MINISTER'S SON.

It would be difficult to say too much in appreciation of the true merit of Macaulay & Patton's production of "The Minister's Son."



Scene in "The Minister's Son"

play is one that touches the hearts of the people. It is not only rich in sentiment but abounds in a vein of humor that is different from anything else that has been seen. In

fact, the play may be said to be of a type of its own, from the rise of the curtain on the first act to the close of the last scene. One of the critics in St. Louis said that the audience went away feeling that they were really better for having seen the play and had double their money's worth. It is remarkable for the number of its characters, each one of which is necessary to the story, and the uniform strength with which each one is presented. There are two old men characters, and each is taken with a fidelity that recalls the days of Couderk in the earlier days of "Hazel Kirsh." The juvenile characters are equally well taken. "The Minister's Son" is a modern comedy drama. The charm of the play lies in its idyllic qualities, the tenderness and daintiness of its love story, and the unique way in which it is presented. Manager Johnson announces this attraction for Wednesday and Thursday, with a Wednesday matinee.

comedy is what makes Spencer's comedy opera so enjoyable to the play going public. This author has the faculty of writing love songs and scenes without making them mushy. His comedy too, is spontaneous. Of course, Frank Deshou will make much of his old part of Billie Van Millon, and Manager Johnson is plugging himself on having secured "Miss Bob White" for an early appearance. The announced date is Thursday, January 9.

## ORPHIUM THEATER.

Spend your New Year's afternoon or evening at the popular play house and see a good show for 10 or 20 cents. The big feature act this week is headed by Matsumoto and Agawa's Japanese troupe, and these clever Japs should beseech by all. Floyd Mack is another who is scoring a big hit. Floyd bills himself as the man of many falls and he deserves the title. The Mulhners, comedy sketch artists, please. Mr. Mulhner has a beautiful baritone voice and sings two old ballads with great success.

Eddie Dwyer, the singer, dancer and talker, does a clever little stunt. The pictures and songs are both good.

The age of the whale is ascertained by the size and number of laminae of the whalebone, which increase yearly. Ages of 300 and 400 years have been assigned to whales from these indications.

Experts have at last decided that St. Paul's Cathedral in London is safe as long as the buildings which stand near it are not disturbed.



FLOYD MACK AT THE ORPHIUM.

fact, the play may be said to be of a type of its own, from the rise of the curtain on the first act to the close of the last scene. One of the critics in St. Louis said that the audience went away feeling that they were really better for having seen the play and had double their money's worth. It is remarkable for the number of its characters, each one of which is necessary to the story, and the uniform strength with which each one is presented. There are two old men characters, and each is taken with a fidelity that recalls the days of Couderk in the earlier days of "Hazel Kirsh." The juvenile characters are equally well taken. "The Minister's Son" is a modern comedy drama. The charm of the play lies in its idyllic qualities, the tenderness and daintiness of its love story, and the unique way in which it is presented. Manager Johnson announces this attraction for Wednesday and Thursday, with a Wednesday matinee.

The breeding and selling of canary birds in Germany, which has reached such proportions that it now controls the markets of the world, is comparatively estimated of a value of \$238,000.

Beetroot is fattening and good for people who want to put on flesh.

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## Thursday's Offerings of Our January Sale

Will prove to you that there's no time to buy like the January sale. Everything reduced—excepting Threads, Paper Patterns, Lancaster Gingham and American Prints. The crowds that have thronged the store for the two days of this sale have made this our biggest sale on record.

Come Thursday. The sale lasts only this week. It matters not whether it is Muslin, Calicoes, Linens, Underwear, Hosiery, Gloves, Corsets, Embroidery, Silks, Velvets, Dress Goods, Wash Goods, Muslin Underwear, Curtains, Carpets, Rugs, Matting, Linoleums, Cloaks, Capes, Suits, Skirts, Furs, Men's Furnishings, or anything in the entire store. It can be bought at a saving during this sale. On this strong advancing market it behooves you to buy your wants at this store.



## THE GUARDIAN



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It's just like having dresses. Or rubber dolls or shoes. According to the money. You pay you win or lose. If small chance is your quota. The goods are small and frayed. But if your bills are larger. They're fine and tailor made.

So when you want a fortune. Approach a fair queen. And let her hear the rustle of elongated green. And she will tell you a future. Of very good hue. And hand you out a fortune. That's too good to be true.

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